

victims? Is not every man in the community my brother? Is not the drunkard my brother? [loud cheers.] That degraded wife of his is my sister; those orphans have a claim upon my sympathies; and I do not deserve the name of a man—I should be put down as a monster—if I were not shocked and distressed, and grieved, and pained, and martyred by this traffic. Therefore, though I am a teetotaler, and have no connection with the drinking habits of the country, I suffer in body, pocket, mind and conscience and all the powers of my soul, by this evil and destructive thing.

#### A BOY'S EVENINGS.

Joseph Clark was as fine-looking and healthy a lad as ever left the country to go into a city store. His cheek was red with health, his arm strong, and his step quick. His master liked his looks, and said that boy would make something. He had been clerk about six months, when Mr. Abbott observed a change in Joseph. His cheek grew pale, his eyes hollow, and he always seemed sleepy. Mr. Abbott said nothing for a while. At length, finding Joseph alone in the counting-room one day, he asked him if he was well.

"Pretty well, sir," answered Joseph.

"You look sick of late," said Mr. Abbott.

"Have the headache sometimes," the young man said.

"What gives you the headache?" asked the merchant.

"I do not know as I know, sir."

"Do you go to bed in good season?"

Joseph blushed. "As early as most of the boarders," he said.

"How do you spend your evenings, Joseph?"

"O, sir, not as my pious mother would approve," answered the young man, tears starting in his eyes.

"Joseph," said the old merchant, "your character and prosperity depend upon the way you pass your evenings. Take my word for it, it is a young man's evenings that make him or break him."

#### DYING WORDS OF MELANCTHON.

It is related that Melancthon, just before he died, expressed a wish to hear read some choice passage of the Scriptures; and this desire having been met, he was asked by his son-in-law, Sabinius, whether he would have anything else—to which he replied in these emphatic words:

*'Alinda nihil nisi cœlum.'* (Nothing else but heaven.)

Shortly after this he gradually breathed his last. Well did one who sought to embalm his memory in verse say,

"His sun went down in cloudless skies,  
Assured upon the morn to rise  
In lovelier array.  
But not like earth's declining light,  
To vanish back again to night;  
No bound, no setting beam to know,  
Without a cloud or shade of woe,  
In that eternal day."

From News of the Churches.

#### SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

'And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow; for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers.' John x. 4, 5.

'Fifteen minutes after, we passed another fountain called 'Ail Hil-Jerabek,' the fountain of the opening

of the knapsack.' This, it appears from the name, which is not uncommon in these mountains, is a favorite resort of the shepherds, who are great epicures in water. They here collect their flocks in the heat of the day, and opening their srips, in which each one carries his humble fare, they eat their meals with a relish, which those only can realize, who breathe the pure mountain air, and are braced by vigorous exercise. Often in my wanderings have I sat beside the bubbling fountain, in the midst of these simple and wild-looking shepherds of Antilibanus. I have seen their flocks gather round them, in one dense mass; and I have been not a little astonished and pleased to observe that this mingling creates no confusion. Each shepherd, when he has finished his repast, or when the time of rest is over, rises from his place, and walks steadily away, calling his sheep or goats, and immediately his own flock separate themselves from the throng and follow him. His companions do so too, and each flock follows its own shepherd.'—*Rev. T. L. Parr.*

#### NOAH AND BREVITY.

Many centuries ago, the earth was covered with a great flood, by which the whole of the human race, with the exception of one family, were destroyed. It appears, also, that from thence a great alteration was made in the longevity of mankind, who, from a range of seven or eight hundred years, which they enjoyed before the flood, were confined to their present period of seventy or eighty years. This epoch in the history of man gave birth to the twofold division of the antediluvian and postdiluvian style of writing, the latter of which naturally contracted itself into those interior limits which were better accommodated by the abridged duration of human life and literary labor. Now, to forget this event—to write without the fear of the deluge before their eyes, and to handle a subject as if mankind could lounge over a pamphlet for ten years, as before their submersion—is to be guilty of the most grievous error into which a writer can possibly fall. The author of a book should call in the aid of some brilliant pencil, and cause the distressing scenes of the deluge to be portrayed in the most lively colors for his use. He should gaze at Noah, and be brief. The ark should constantly remind him of the little time there is left for reading; and he should learn, as they did in the ark, to crowd a great deal of matter into a very little compass.—*Sydney Smith.*

#### BRIGHT HOURS AND GLOOMY.

Ah, this beautiful world! I know not what to think of it. Sometimes it is all gladness and sun-shine, and heaven itself lies not far off, and then it suddenly changes and is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out the day. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come gloomy hours, when the fire will not burn on our hearths, and all without and within is dismal, cold and dark. Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not, and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.—*Longfellow.*

THE FOUNTAIN OF MERCY.—Some one says: The fountain of mercy rises in the Godhead, flows in the channel of the atonement, and is open for the most unworthy; none can change its course, dry up its stream, or have a right to impose any conditions; the poorer the wretch the more welcome here.